Enter the King and Queene, Prince Edward, and the Nor-
thren Earles, with Drumme and Souldiers.

Queen. Welcome my Lord, to this braue towne of *Yorke*,
Yonder's the head of that ambitious enemie
That sought to be impaled with your Crowne.
Doth not the obiect please your eie my Lord?
King. Euen as the rocks please them that feare their wracke.
Withhold reuenge deare God, tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly haue I infringde my vow.
Clif. My gratious Lord, this too much lenitie,
And harmefull pittie must be laide aside,
To whom do Lyons cast their gentle lookes?
Not to the beast that would vsurpe his den.
Whose hand is that the sauage Beare doth licke?
Not his, that spoyles his young before his face.
Who scapes the lurking Serpents mortall sting?
Not he that sets his foote vpon her backe.
The smallest Woorme will turne, being troden on:
And Doues will pecke, in rescue of their broode.
Ambitious *Yorke* did leuell at thy Crowne,
Thou simpling, whil'st he knit his angry browes.
Hee but a Duke, would haue his sonne a King,
And raise his issue like a louing sire.
Thou being a King, blest with a goodly sonne,
Didst giue consent to disinherite him;
Which argude thee a most vnnaturall father.
Vnreasonable creatures feed their young,
And though mans face be fearefull to their eyes,
Yet in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seene them euen with those same wings
Which they haue sometime vsde in fearefull flight,
Make warre with him, that climes vnto their nest,
Offring their owne liues, in their younges defence?
For shame my Lord, make them your president:
Were it not pittie that this goodly Boy,
Should lose his birth-right through his fathers fault?
And long hereafter say vnto his childe,

What

What my great Gran
My careleſſe farher, f
Looke on the Boy, a
Which promiſeth ſuc
Steele thy melting th
To keepe thine own
King. Full well hath
Inferring arguments
But tell me, didſt tho
That thinges euill go
And happie euer was
Whoſe father for his
I leaue my ſonne my
And would my father
For all the reſt is held
As askes a thouſand t
Then may the preſen
Ah coſen *Yorke*, would
How it doth grieue n
Quee. My Lord, th
You promiſd knighth
Vnſheath your ſwor
Kneele downe *Eawar*
King. Eaward Plant
And learne this leſſon
Princ. My gratious
Ile draw it as apparan
And in that quarreil v
North. Why that is
Enter a
Meſ. Royall Co
For with a band of fift
Comes *Warwicke* bac
And in the Townes w
Proclaymes him King
Prepare your Battaile
Clif. I would your l
The Queene hath beſ